

FABULOUS 100th ISSUE COMPETITION!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



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Welcome to the latest issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** and would you believe it, we've reached the **big one!** You hold in your hands the **one hundredth issue** of the most ectoplasmically exciting comic this side of the spiritual divide! Now that your favourite weekly has clocked up it's first century, we celebrate by offering you thirteen pages of slime-filled fun. And that's not all! There's a fantastic Real Ghostbusters Toy competition for you to enter and an exciting puzzle page to keep you amused, but more, much more than that, there's a special wrap around cover for you to stick on your wall! Also there's the results of The Real Ghostbusters Readers' Poll, in which you voted for your favourite story, and your favourite artist etc. Anyway, on with the centenary celebrations!

CONTENTS

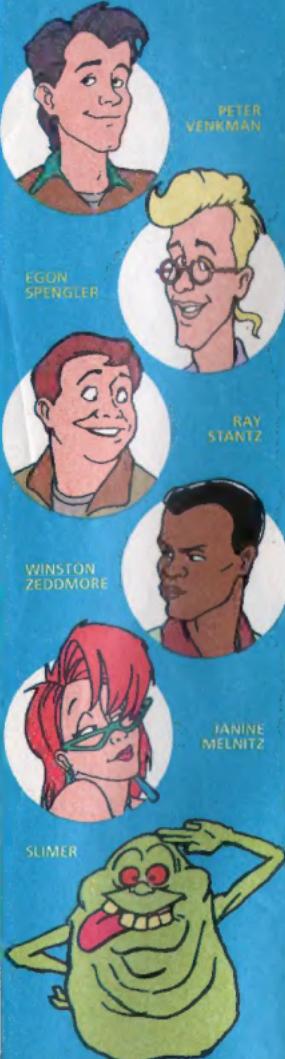
It's a Scream!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	8
Demon War!	10
Real Ghostbusters Toys Competition	13
Phantasmal Puzzle Page	14
The Werewolf!	15
Blimey! It's Slimer!	21
Next Issue/ Readers' Poll Winners!	23

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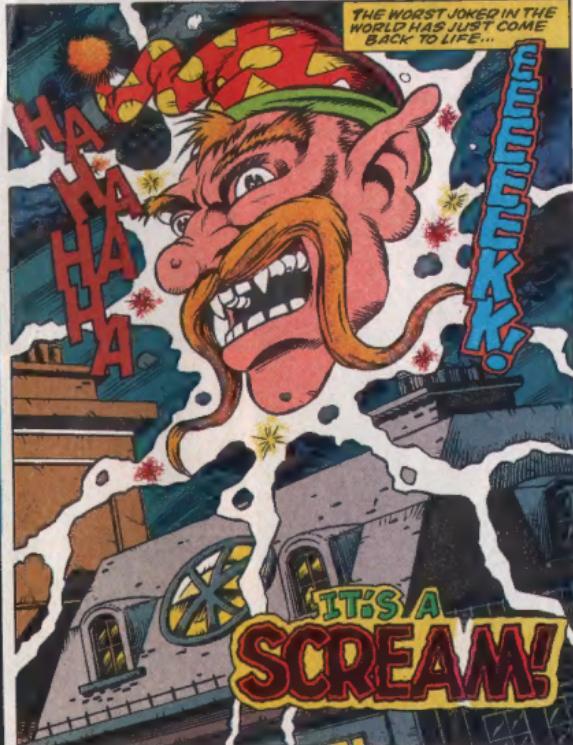
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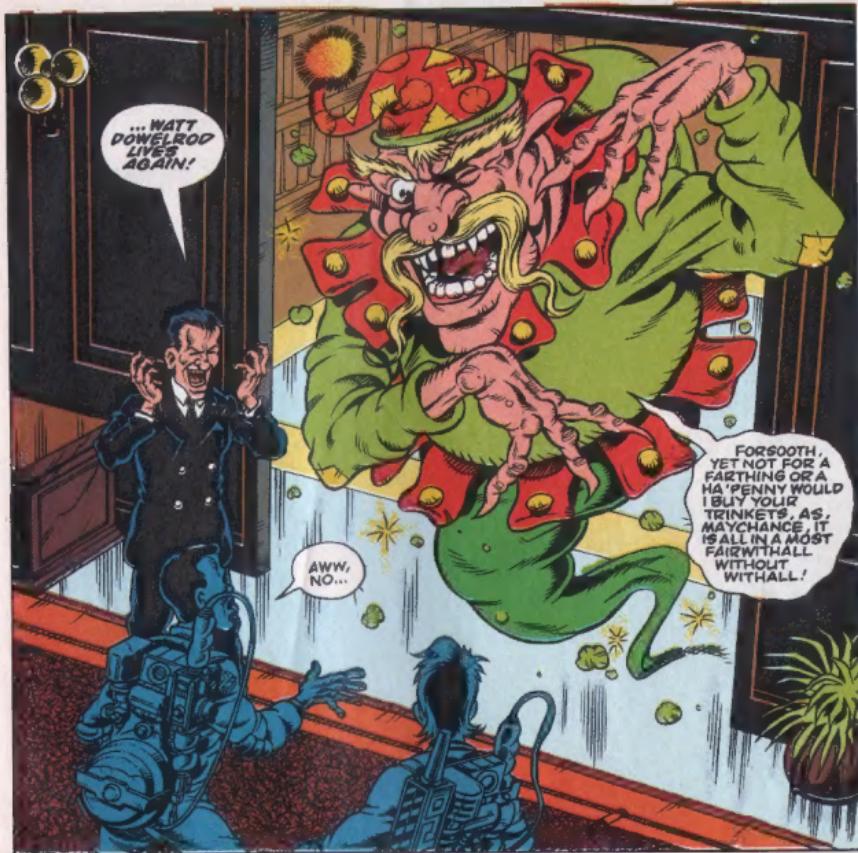
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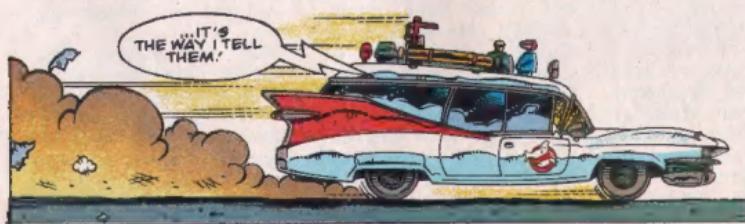
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











SPENGLER'S SPIRIT

GUIDE

Good lord, the hundredth Spengler's Spirit Guide! It seems like only last week I was doing the ninety-ninth. Well, it's a good thing I've got a really enthralling subject for this instalment, as it is such a special occasion. I present a short biography of Watt Dowelrod.

Watt Dowelrod: An After-life

Watt Dowelrod was born in Tyburn in 1546, the son of a professional barrow wedger. Watt soon joined his father as an apprentice, and learned the trade quickly. A barrow wedger followed the market vendors from street to street in Elizabethan London and wedged little bits of specially crafted wood or putty under the wheels of the barrow to stop it rolling off down the cobbled streets whilst the vendor was busy selling things to the gentry folk. A good barrow wedger could earn as much as a farthing a month, but it was skilled and dangerous work. Many was the clumsy ex-barrow wedger wandering the Embankment minus a finger or six after being a touch slow 'gloating the putty'.

Life was hard, and so was the crust of bread he had to eat each day, but Watt kept himself amused by singing songs as he went about his 'gloating'. It was whilst he was gloating the barrow of a rich merchant from Holland, singing his new



PART 100

immortal ditty, 'Fairthee Well Foll De Roll Me Down O', Lady', that his career as the sixteenth century's greatest cabaret act began. The merchant, Jan Van Der Spanniel, remarked on the jollity of the song and the merriment of the wisecracks and invited him to play at supper in the court that very evening. A star was born. Watt's songs and jokes became the talk of the town. People went around whistling his ditties like '*I should have such good fortune, goody goody fortune'* and '*Eleanor Aquitaine*', and the best selling items in the shops were novelty doublets with some of his favourite jokes printed on them. Everyone knew his catch phrases 'O yay! O yay!' and 'Harken unto me, gentlefolk, I wish, forsooth, to have the attention of your ear for the hereafter jovial, sly and well-

fabricated narration'. Some of his jokes have become all-time classics that are told and retold today. Who can forget the immortal:

Q: "Prithee, why doth my lord beginneth to droll a dandle-down Jerry-oh, when forsooth it is but better midderkins and a halibut?"

A: "Why, by my troth, it's a faster weight that verily falls and is clapp'd up close in arms withall by us in this that hath its circumstance, and a halibut!"

Or the legendary:

Q: "Make haste, and full fair soft a-tira lira! Hath not the ox cart brake handles enough to wallop the shunned screech owl's tree a full pelt, a-nonny?"

A: "In such hazard as will make amends o' the roof o' your mouth and blister, if it please you, scullion-breath!"

One day, when Watt's father fell ill, Watt agreed to go out gloading on his behalf, and earn a few farthings. But Watt was out of practice. Soon after the accident, he died, a broken man, unable to play the lute, with his injured hand wrapped in a folded knapkin.

The Brotherhood that named itself after this, of course, brought the shade of Watt Dowelrod back, and despite the fact that he's gaseous and has big sharp pointy teeth, his career has been as blooming as ever.

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DEMON WAR!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

All hell has broken loose! Hordes of spooks from The Real Ghostbusters' past have returned, but what is their evil intent . . . ?

Somewhere in the Ninth Hell, Ponquadragor the Four-Handed Man sat, carefully sharpening one of his many scythes. Ponquadragor, the Level seven demon, a chilling skeleton draped in a blood red cape. Ponquadragor, the demon with four hands, which is almost certainly how he got his name. Around him, lightning crashed through a purple sky. Armoured fish flopped hopefully in a pool of bubbling acid, waiting for something to do.

Suddenly, a dishevelled looking Gromblarr popped out of nowhere. "Don't you ever knock, Nubshik?" hissed Ponquadragor, his red eyes glaring at the sixteen-footed monstrosity in front of him.

"Never crossed my mind," snapped Nubshik, slime dribbling from his mandibles as he scratched his crystalline head with a couple of tentacles. "Should I go back to the Grekrodillion and try again?" "A Demon War?" screamed Ponquadragor. "What Demon War? Nobody told me about any Demon War."

"It's only just started," squeaked Nubshik, quickly. "Perhaps your invitation was lost in the post. Anyway, we're just warming up for the main event. Flashing lights, falling meteorites . . ." Nubshik looked hopefully at the nearest pool of bubbling acid. "All we need now is the rain of armoured fish. Nekkdasgeddon said you love to help—"

Ponquadragor grabbed Nubshik by the throat and shook him furiously. "Love? Bah! It's Nekkdasgeddon I want. Escaped from the indestructible ice prison I put him in, has he? Started a Grekrodillion without me, would he? I'll show him! Where exactly has he started the war, anyway?"

"Earth," gasped Nubshik. Ponquadragor dropped him to the ground and gathered up his scythes. "I was hoping for somewhere exotic," he hissed. "No imagination some demons. Ah well, let's get on with it!"

On earth, The Real Ghostbusters were desperately trying to keep track of the supernatural forces which had recently

attacked New York. "Four weeks work in one afternoon," Peter moaned. He thrust another smoking Ghost Trap containing yet another Sewer Spook into the Ecto-Containment Unit transference slot. Egon nodded, passing him another Trap. "I'm exhausted," the scientist yawned. "You realise it's a Demon War we're fighting here?"

"And I thought it was an early birthday present," said Peter.

Just then, Janine shouted to the two Ghostbusters from the top of the cellar stairs. Ray, Winston and Slimer are having real problems in Central Park," she jabbered. "Something about Babblers, Kolords, werewolves and Malargiij fighting over a slipper . . ."

"Let's go," said Peter. "Things can't get any weirder than they are already!"

In Central Park, New York's favourite leisure spot, it seemed the whole of demon kind had assembled. Ray and Winston were making some impact with their Proton Guns, but more creatures seemed to be appearing all the time, each one more vile than the last. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse giggled hysterically on the sidelines, placing bets on which Ghostbuster would be beaten first. Slimer moaned uncontrollably.

Picnic areas were awash with slime, while the Central Park Lake seemed almost alive with armoured fish. Babblers quoted macabre rhyming verse to joggers as they ran through the park and then out as quickly as possible. "Twould seem yon mortals they are sore afraid," laughed Watt Dowelrod, "Mayhap a joke will cheer them a-nonny - yeeeek!" The 'yeeeek' was prompted by a Proton Gun, blasting Watt to oblivion before his jokes could get any worse. "Petey!" grinned Slimer, clapping his hands as both Peter and Egon leapt from ECTO-1, Guns blasting at the surrounding ghosts, demons and lesser poltergeists.

"Good to see you," said Winston, as the Giggling Ghoul made the mistake of

crossing his proton beam. "But blasting these critters doesn't seem to be having any effect. In fact, they almost seem to be, well, *ignoring us!*"

"They can't do that — we're *The Real Ghostbusters!*" exclaimed Peter, slapping his forehead in disbelief. A Kolord pushed past him. "Excuse me," it hissed, "but I just saw a Grombilarr hide under that stone over there and it's my turn to hit it. So if you don't mind . . ."

"Wait!" said Egon. "Would you at least explain what all this is about?"

"Ask Nubshik, he's the referee," replied the Kolord, pulling the six-faced Grombilarr out from under the stone. "At least, I think he's the referee. He certainly threw the slipper into the Cauldron of Battle *last millennium.*"

"You know what it's talking about?" Peter asked. Winston shook his head. Ray looked at his feet. A small demon on a tricycle pulled Egon's trouser leg and held up a glass slipper. "Excuse me," it said. "Would you hold this for a moment, please?" Egon took the slipper and then went as white as a sheet. "Oh my," he gasped. "Nekkdasgeddon! Ponquadragor's arch rival!"

"Sssh!" squealed Nekkdasgeddon. "Do you want him to hear you?"

"Somebody call?" hissed Ponquadragor, rising from the ground in a pall of smoke. He flexed his four arms, scythes waving ominously in the direction of the Ghostbusters. "Why, Doctor Venkman, Doctor Spengler, what a pleasure to renew your acquaintance!"

"Is this one friendly?" whispered Winston to Peter.

"I don't think that's the best way to describe Ponquadragor," Peter replied, powering up his Proton Gun. "More like the deadliest thing with four hands you're ever likely to meet."

"That means we're in serious trouble, right?" whispered Ray.

"Grave trouble," added Peter. "What do you want this time, Pong?"

"Only the slipper," the demon replied. "It started as a game, you see, but now I'm very much afraid that Nekkdasgeddon has made matters a lot more serious. Started a Demon War, in fact."

"We guessed that part," said Egon. "Whose slipper is it, anyway?" "His, of course," hissed Nekkdasgeddon from his tricycle. "It's the source of all his power!"

"That's ridiculous," Ponquadragor said hastily as Peter eyed the slipper. "Now give it to me, or I'll burn the Earth with brimstone and fire! I'll fill your airwaves with soap operas! I'll —"

"Too late, Pong," said Peter, smashing the slipper with his Proton Gun. Ponquadragor writhed in discomfort. Nekkdasgeddon laughed maniacally, growing in size. "Power at last!" it screeched.

"Uh-oh," said Ray.

"You demonic idiot!" cackled Ponquadragor to his arch rival.

"It's the source of all your power, too!"

"It's a question of cosmic balance, you see," Egon began to explain as the demons wriggled unhappily in front of them.

"Whatever happens to Ponquadragor happens to you, sooner or later."

"In your case, the sooner the better," added Peter, as the demon hordes fizzled out of existence. "Now, about that seven dollars you owe me, Pong. You know, for the pizza . . ."

"Humans!" squealed Ponquadragor. "Money and power! It's all you ever think about!" Then both he and Nekkdasgeddon imploded into thin air, covering the Ghostbusters in slime.

"That's not true," said Ray. "I was thinking about Stay-Puft Marshmallow the whole time . . ." There was a sort of muffled roar from somewhere off Broadway. Egon sighed and switched on his Proton Gun. "Just when I thought it was all over."



50 FABULOUS REAL GHOSTBUSTERS TOYS TO BE WON!

It's the one hundredth issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic, and to celebrate there's an absolutely fantastic competition for you to enter. Tonka will be offering bags and bags of hair-raising **Real Ghostbusters™** toys. The first ten lucky prize winners will receive a **Nutrona Blaster™**, with which you can blast unsuspecting ghosts and a **Water Zapper™**, with its piston pumping action that squirts water up to twenty feet!

The second prize winners will all receive a **Highway Haunter™**, the car that turns into a ghostly praying mantis, and an **ECTO-2™** vehicle. The ten runners-up will each receive a horrifying **Green Ghost Gooper Ghost™**, the spooky monster that loves to ooze purple **Ecto-Plazm™** from its mouth.



All you have to do is spot the ten differences between the two pictures, then write them down on a postcard or the back of an envelope. Then put your name and address at the bottom and send it to: **Real Ghostbusters Spot-The-Difference Competition, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX.**

Entries should arrive no later than Friday, 25th May 1990.



RULES: The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain other than employees and their families of Marvel Comics Ltd., and Tonka (UK) Ltd. The Editor's decision in all matters relating to the competition is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified in due course.

PHANTASMAL PUZZLE

Now you think you're ready to become a *Ghostbuster*? You may think that all you know all there is to know about ghosts, spooks and the supernatural, but in order to become a fully-fledged ecto-eliminator, you have to be able to think on your feet and identify a spook in a split second. So, here to help you develop your spiritual vocabulary and quick thinking is a spooky word search! All the words hidden in the grid, are listed below. Each word runs either horizontally or vertically, and all you have to do is put a ring round each one you find. However, Ghostbusting is seldom straight forward, and so there are five words that appear in the list that do not appear in the grid. Your task is to find out which ones!

PIRATES

ZOMBIE

YOGA

GHOST

PARANORMAL

EXPLORATION

EVIL

do

lose

class

PKE

gloop

wraith

doppelganger

APPARITION

MONSTER

GREMLIN

SPECTROVISOR

WINSTON

WEREWOLF

VAMPIRE

PSYCHO-KINETIC-
ENERGY

GHOULISH

CREEPY

TOMB

SCREAM

PHANTOM

FANG

BAT

MOON

SLIME

HOST

ECTOPLASM

NEUTRON

EGON SPENGLER

PETER VENKMAN

PARAPSYCHOLOGY

STANTZ

CONTAINMENT UNIT

OMEN

PROTON PACK

POLTERGEIST

ECTOMOBILE

SPIRITUAL

BANSHEE

EVIL

TOBIN

JANINE

SKELETON

GRAVE

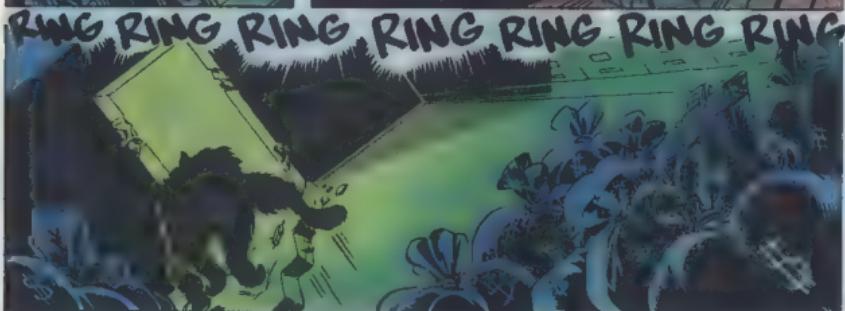
VAULT

SKULL

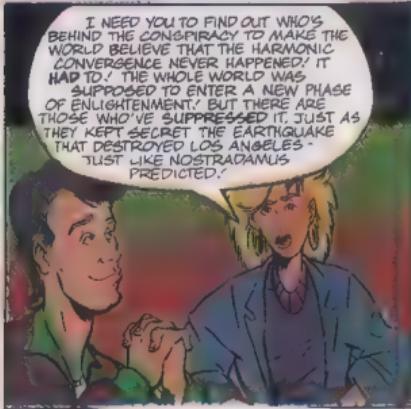
ZAP

BUST

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IT'S SLIMER!

SLIMER IS VISITING CHUCK THE DEMON
IN THE NETHERWORLD...



GOOD!! ALL YOUR MATES ARE SOOPY S/ISSIES!
DOWN HERE EVERYONE'S RUFTY TUFTY!



YOU BETTER WATCH YER STEP!
THIS PLACE IS FULL OF
HARD NUTS!



THIS IS SCHWIMMED
THE UNPASSABLE!



PLEASE DONT TELL ANYONE
YOU GOT PAST
US! PLEASE! WE'D BE
RUINED!

OKEY DOKEY!
MY LIPS ARE
SEALED!
YUP!

HUH!

THEY NOT SUCH RUFTY
TUFTIES! THEY OKAY!

FUENMUGENSHUG
MUGGNAMUGGER
BUG!!

CHOOED
OFF





SHOCKING IT TO YOU!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

READERS' POLL RESULTS!

Remember back to **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** issue seventy-five when we asked you to vote in five different categories? Well here are the top five for each section:

Favourite Cover.

1. Issue fifty
2. Issue seventy-two
3. Issue seventy-four
4. Issue seventy-five
5. Issue seventy-three

Favourite Artist.

1. Anthony Williams
2. Brian Williamson
3. Andy Lanning
4. Anthony Larcombe
5. John Marshall

Favourite Ghost.

1. Mr. Stay-Puft
2. Ponquadrador
3. Skateboard Spook
4. Sewer Spook
5. Hell-Razor

Favourite Story.

1. Ecto-XI!
2. Deadquarters!
3. Ponquadrador III
4. Wipe Out!
5. Elevator of Doom!

Favourite Ghostbuster.

1. Peter Venkman
2. Egon Spengler
3. Ray Stantz
4. Slimer
5. Winston Zeddmore



